

Campaigning With Hanna in Nebraska

When Senator Hanna concluded his last speech in Omaha Saturday night, a week ago, he had delivered thirty-five speeches in Nebraska, had covered 470 miles of territory in forty-eight hours and had spoken to 40,000 people. In that time he had been hailed as the modern Joshua who could command the sun to stand still, had been assailed as a labor crusher, a child stealer and the man with horns and cloven feet.

The physical endurance required on the part of the senator to cover the territory he did and make the number of speeches cannot be appreciated except by those who accompanied him in his swing through Mr. Bryan's home state.

As a worker with a definite purpose in view, that of dissipating the impressions formed of him by the cartoonist's pencil and placing the principles of the republican party succinctly before the people, Senator Hanna stands without question the best campaigner we have had since the days of Blaine. Hanna's discovery of himself as a speechmaker is of very recent date. Until his memorable debate with Senators Tillman and Allen on the question of reducing the price of armor plate or the building of a government factory for the manufacture of the same to equip the vessels now on the ways, he was little given to speechmaking, contenting himself with "doing things, not dreaming them all day long." But when the debate closed Tillman and Allen took to the woods and the chairman of the republican national committee left the senate with a new honor upon him, having unhorsed one of the ablest debaters in the upper branch of congress by reason of knowing things at first hand, not having acquired a knowledge of armor plate from government reports and committee investigations. It was a new role for Senator Hanna, but he played it like a past master of his art and Hanna stood up in proportion. He was launched as a speechmaker in a moment and his colleagues re-formed their impressions of Ohio's senior senator.

Time Has Wrought Changes.

Four years have worked a wonderful change in the temper of our people. I never was so greatly impressed with the poet's thought, "Times change and men change with them," as on the campaign tour with Senator Hanna through Nebraska. Four years ago it would have been well nigh impossible for the "engineer of the republican party" to have made the trip he did a week ago without suffering great indignities and possibly have been mobbed as the arch-enemy of the plain people. But throughout the whole trip he was accorded respectful attention and calm consideration, in fine contrast to the treatment accorded John P. Irish when he followed in the wake of Mr. Bryan just four years ago on November 5. Throughout his audiences were interested, not only in the man himself, but in what he had to say. Here and there an attempt was made to stampede the senator, but the hoodlums were cried down, and generally he was shown true courtesy for which Nebraska is famous. To the tireless, persistent, enthusiastic public man, who is more in the center of the picture than any of his contemporaries, the changes in the temper of the populace were noteworthy, and Senator Hanna seemingly never grew tired of talking about the treatment accorded him and the orderly conduct of the crowds that came for miles around to hear him and his colleague, Senator William P. Frye of Maine.

Little Time for Rest.

The senator's usual time of retiring was anywhere between 11 o'clock at night and 1 o'clock in the morning, oftener the latter than the former. It was nearer 2 than 1 when he turned in after his round of speech-making at Lincoln, the excitement of the night growing out of his denunciation of the democratic candidate, in his home town, because of attacks made upon him by Mr. Bryan in the Ohio senatorial campaign of 1897, completely unfitting him to sleep. Cigar after cigar was consumed by Senator Hanna as he sat in the observation end of his private car and chatted with Frye and Victor Dolliver over the stirring events of the day, while his resourceful secretary, Elmer Dover, was always at hand to assist "Uncle Mark" get the better of his nervous excitement consequent upon the exactions of the campaign.

Usually Senator Hanna was out of bed first, ready for another day's speechmaking and handshaking, enjoying to the full the crisp, bracing air of the October mornings, his cheery voice and his smile, that so nearly resembles a sunburst, driving away the shadows about the train and putting every one in rare good humor for another day's arduous labor. If Senator Hanna ever felt the burden put upon him he failed to show it.

Always Ready with an Answer.

Now and then a stop would be made at some station along the route not on the card and a local committeeman would tell him that 400 people had congregated at the station just to get a glimpse of the "man with horns." Good-naturedly he would mount his weak legs and walk painfully to the car platform, from which he would speak to the crowd in his frank, open, businesslike way, free from the tricks of the orator or public speaker. He was always ready with an answer to every question from the opposition, the fearlessness of his utterances and the quaintness with which

they were expressed being a subject of much favorable comment among his party.

One thing that struck me most forcibly on the trip was the desire of the school children to see and hear this man who has occupied so large a space in the public eye since 1896. All through Nebraska the schools were dismissed while the senator was in town and the school children attended the meetings with their teachers at their head. At Winslow this was especially the case, although an immense placard nailed to a telegraph pole gave forth the following terrible warning:

POPULIST FARMERS,
BEWARE!!!
Chain Your Children to Your
selves
or
Put Them Under the Bed.

MARK HANNA IS IN TOWN!

Introduced as a Joshua. At Schuyler he was introduced as the man who could command the sun to stand still if he wanted to, to which he made reply that he would like to command those sons of guns of populists and the honest democrats to stop voting for Bryan, which brought him cheer after cheer, completely discrediting the extravagance of the chairman in his introduction.

His readiness to grasp a situation and turn it to the advantage of his party was finely shown at Auburn. The meeting was held at the race track and a speaker's platform had been erected in front of the grand stand. About 2,500 people were in the grand stand and many more were on the track around the platform. The latter was a flimsy affair, and men and boys trying to clamber on it broke it down just as Senator Hanna had begun speaking. A cry went up from the great audience. The platform had fallen about six feet and the fifty persons on it were mixed up in one indiscriminate mass. It seemed certain that some must be seriously, if not fatally hurt. "Is Hanna hurt?" "How is Hanna?" cried the spectators, and a panic seemed imminent. Just then Hanna's face appeared above the struggling mass. There was the merriest kind of a twinkle in his kindly brown eye and his smile was even broader than usual. Holding up his hand to command silence, he cried, "It's

all right. No one is hurt. We are just giving you a demonstration as to what is going to happen to the democratic party. This must have been a democratic platform." At this sally the crowd went wild. The audience cheered, and cheered and cheered again, and it was some time before the senator could go on with his speech. Investigation showed that the only person hurt was a young boy, and Senator Hanna directed his secretary to send the father of the lad a substantial present to pay the doctor's bill, with his condolence over the accident.

Hanna and the Engineer.

Just outside Weeping Water a stop was made by the Missouri Pacific engineer for the purpose of permitting Senator Hanna time to get a shave before his night meeting in Omaha. The Bee's official photographer prepared to get pictures of Senator Hanna and his party. Just as he stepped into the field of the lens the engineer, grimy with coal and grease, came up to see what was going on.

"Here, you're just the man I want," said Senator Hanna, grasping the engineer by the arm.

"We are both engineers; I run the party and you run me."

"Well, I guess I've got you faded then, senator," said the engineer, with a grin, as the snap of the camera told that the picture was made.

I have known Senator Hanna ever since his advent into the United States senate, and have watched him emerge from the background into the lime light with exceeding great interest. I know now a new Mark Hanna, since I made this trip with him, without a streak of "yellow" in his makeup, a kindly, genial gentleman, full of resources, ready to give and take like an American, and allowing no man to excel him in warm-blooded courtesy to the corre-

spondents who campaigned with him in Nebraska. E. C. SNYDER.

Short Stories Well Told

A certain learned professor was recently invited to lecture in an English village and talked completely over the heads of his bucolic audience. At the close of his lecture he dropped his lofty style and blandly remarked:

"And now, friends, in conclusion allow me to say that if any one has a question to ask I will do my best to answer him."

It was a very old villager in the back seat who slowly rose to his feet and asked the first and only question.

"Aw'd be vurry much obliged, measter," he remarked, "if ye'd jest tell us wat on airth it is that ye've been pratching about."

The native inhabitants of our Philippine islands possessions are rapidly acquiring the vernacular, as witnesses the following conversation that recently occurred between an American woman and her Tagalog seamstress in Manila:

"Senora, what means Susan Jane?"

"Why, Rosina, that's a girl's name. What do you want to know for?"

"Well, soldier man say to me this: 'How do, Susan Jane?'"

"What did you say to him?"

"Oh, I smile at him and say 'Gotall!'"

"What! Why, Rosina, you mustn't say that. That's a dreadful thing for a woman to say."

"No, is elegante. All soldiers say that."

"No, indeed, it is far from elegant. What did the soldier do when you said that?"

"Oh, he goed."

One of the stories that the late Senator Palmer was fondest of telling, relates the Washington Post, had to do with an aged gentleman bearing the same name as him-

self, who lived somewhere down on the eastern shore of Virginia in the county where Senator Palmer's grandfather was born. One of the senator's Washington friends happened to meet the old woman down there and asked her if she were not a kinswoman of his. She did not know, but thought perhaps she might be. The gentleman was of Virginia descent, was he not, and in the United States senate? Yes, she was quite sure he was a kinsman.

"Was he in the army?" she asked.

"Yes," answered the senator's friend, "he was in the army and a general."

The old woman was positive that he was a relation.

"But," went on the friend, "he was a general in the union army."

The old woman's face fell, but she rallied.

"Well," she said, "you know there's a black sheep in every family."

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Nat Goodwin has the apparatus of a joke that cost him \$100, reports a Paris letter. He bought it in the Swiss section of the Invalides and is going to take it back to America with him, for fortunately—that is, for Mr. Goodwin, if not for his friends—it can be used again and again; indeed, it is warranted for five years. To whom it may concern, warning. Among the Swiss clocks was one whence every hour a little wooden soldier emerged and fired a gun—for 2 o'clock two, for 3 o'clock three, and so on.

"I'm going to buy that," said Mr. Goodwin to his wife, Maxine Elliott.

"That silly thing. Why?"

"Oh, just to kill time," Mr. Goodwin replied lightly.

And if the joke doesn't wear out before the clock does, he may get the worth of his money.

A clergyman who has just returned from a tour in Germany tells the following story in the current issue of *Mostly About People*, a London weekly: At a puppet show held some time ago in that country the proprietor gave what he considered to be the chief characteristics of the three famous men who have occupied the exalted position of German emperor—William I, Frederick III and the present kaiser, William II. "Kaiser William," said this public entertainer, "will ever be remembered by his saying, 'I have no time to be weary! Emperor Frederick's most characteristic utterance will undoubtedly be for all ages, 'Learn to suffer without complaining!'" And the present illustrious ruler will ever be inseparably associated with his familiar expression, 'Augusta! pack the trunks!'" But the enterprising showman's remarks were reckoned by the law an insult to his imperial majesty and the offending speaker had to pay the penalty of two months' imprisonment for his temerity.

Promised to Obey Her

The groom entered alone and said confidentially:

"Do you use the word 'obey' in your marriage service, Mr—?"

"No," said the minister, "I do not usually."

"Well," said the expectant bridegroom, "I have come to ask you to marry me now, and I want it used."

"Certainly," replied the other, "it shall be done," and presently the couple stood solemnly before him.

"James T—," said the clergyman, "do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?"

"I do."

"Do you solemnly promise to love, honor and obey her so long as you both shall live?"

Horror and rebellion struggled with the sanctities of the occasion on the bridegroom's face, relates the *Woman's Journal*, but he chokingly responded: "I do," and the meek bride decorously promised in her turn.

After the ceremony was over the bridegroom said excitedly aside to the grave minister:

"You misunderstood me, sir, you misunderstood me! I referred to the woman's promising to obey."

"Ah, did you, indeed?" serenely answered his reverence. "But I think what is good for one side is good for the other, don't you? And, my friend, it is my advice to you to say nothing more about it, for as an old married man I can tell you you'll have to obey anyhow."

Bondage, but Whose?

Chicago Post: "That ring," said the advanced woman, indicating the wedding ring, "is a sign of bondage."

"True," admitted the young matron.

"Yet you wear it?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't I? It isn't necessarily my bondage."

"Then whose is it?"

"Well, it takes several years of married life to find that out. I'll tell you later."



HIA MCKINLEY CLUB, WAHOO, Neb.—OUT IN FULL FORCE TO GREET SENATOR HANNA. Photo by Anderson.



PRINCIPALS IN "THE BURGOMASTER" WHO WILL APPEAR AT THE OMAHA PRESS CLUB BENEFIT.